

Should I Stay Or Should I Go by [essiewinchester](#)

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Summary:

Steve throws a party and has an unusual guest.

Should I Stay Or Should I Go

The thought of throwing a party had been amazing in the daylight. Now, with his house full of drunk teens, Steve realised, that his party-mood was long gone with the dead demidogs.

He kinda wished that he could be hanging out with Dustin and the other little guys. Yes, that thought weirded him out, but he didn't care, because Dustin, Will, Mike, Lucas and the girls were awesome to hang out with. Not that he would easily admit ever thinking like that to his classmates for example. Steve from a year ago would be laughing his ass off if he had heard that he would be hanging out with a group of 14 year-old kids rather than being high as a kite trying to hit on some high-school girls.

Steve tried to squeeze himself through some dancing girls, with the intention of finding some friends. Nancy with Jonathan would be better than trying to look like he had good time with no friends. Not that their relationship was a problem to Steve anymore, no, it was just a bit awkward, Nancy being oversensitive towards him and all that.

Nancy and Jonathan was exactly what he found. The problem was, that they were not able to be friends with him at the moment. The two of them were a bit occupied, so Steve didn't bother trying to talk to them. He would find someone else to complain to.

He glanced at his watch; 1:16 am, and sighed. He just wanted to go to sleep. He had had fun, and he had been drunk, but he was slowly sobering up, so the awesomeness of the party was starting to fade away.

Steve spotted a guy with dark spiked hair in the crowd in his living room, and sprinted to him.

"Heyy Tommy! Hi!" He shouted over Michael Jackson's Thriller. When he got his old friend's attention, he continued.

"This party sucks, right? Let's get this people outta here, help me out man?"

Tommy, with a couple of misplaced steps, walked to Steve. He was drunk as hell, witch wasn't a surprise, just a bloody misfortune,

‘cause now Steve had to take care of the party all alone.

“What man, c’mon this party is rad!” Tommy slurred.

“Why aren’t you having a good time? You should be at least high by now!” He took a moment, and the continued face lighting up to a knowing smile.

“You still mad that the freak got your perfect girl?”

“Oh for fuck’s sake”, Steve sighed. “I almost forgot why I stopped hanging out with you.”

“You know, we could easily find you a new one, just like I got Carol.”

“Yeeah about that, no thank you, nice for you to offer though”, Steve said with an annoyed smirk as he watched over Tommy’s shoulder how Carol made out with some random dude with a dark brown mullet. Tommy followed his gaze with a little delay.

“YO what the fuck!” he shouted and sprinted to the other side of the room.

“And here we go again.”

It was half past two in the morning, when the last group of tipsy girls had left the house. Steve checked the house and the garden, only to find empty beer cans and red cups laying all over the place. He would clean up in the morning, as his parents wouldn’t be home until late tomorrow, he thought, and grabbed a glass of water.

He went to find his key to his bedroom (‘cause you never know who might find their way to his room. The thought is disgusting) and gladly found the room untouched.

Steve was just settling into his bed, head just a little bit spinning from the booze, getting comfortable. He heard a little thump from the kitchen area, and immediately his head was full of pictures of demogorgons. He tried to calm himself remembering that all the demodogs had been killed, but still searched for his bat with his eyes in the dark room. The sounds carried on in the house, so Steven got up from the bed, shivering with only his boxers on, and grabbed the bat. Now a little bit panic had started to rise, and he took a couple of deep breaths before stepping out of his bedroom.

He walked towards the kitchen quietly, thinking if it was a demodog, his last day in this world had sucked. It wasn’t the kind of day one would consider to be a great last day alive. Steve was almost in the kitchen, only few steps, and he would see what was roaming in his

home. He raised his bat, ready to attack the intruder.

“What the hell?!” Steve screamed, when he found a guy with a light brown mullet sitting at his dinner table, eating jello.

“Oh shit this your house?” said Billy Hargrove with his mouth full of jello, which made him almost impossible to understand, as he was, surprise, very much drunken.

“Yes this is my house. Now answer to me, what the hell are you doing in my kitchen eating my food?”

“Okay, okay, chill out King Steve. I had a shower, cause one of the cows you call girls threw up on me... So I guess I took a shower. Yes. And when I got out, there were no people in here, so I thought, well I’m hungry, so I’ll eat some food. Now, is that good enough explanation for the almighty King Steve?” He smiled sheepishly and kept eating the jello.

And when Steve took a better look at him, he noticed that the guy was wearing what looked a lot like his own clothes.

“Are you dipshit wearing my shirt?”

Billy turned at him and squinted his eyes.

“Are you dipshit threatening me with a baseball bat full of nails?”

Steve noticed that he still had the bat over his shoulder, ready to swing it, so he quickly lowered it and hid it behind his back.

“I see. You walk around with that thing ready to beat the shit out of me. You know that thing can do a pretty good damage to a person”, he mumbled. “Always ready to beat me up...”

“What was that?”

“What? Nothing”, but still he quickly turned his head away from Steve.

Steve was starting to get very aware of the fact that he was only wearing boxers, and the situation was starting to feel very uncomfortable. Billy was focused on his soon-ending jello, so Steve saw an opportunity to go and put on some clothes. He had a feeling, that this could be a long night.

He backed towards his room, and just as he was opening his closet he heard Billy shout:

“You know, you don’t have to put on clothes on my account.”

That made him froze for a millisecond. Someone clearly liked to see some skin, and Steve couldn’t decide, if he liked that comment or not.

A bit flustered, he put on pants and a hoodie, and walked back to the kitchen, not knowing what to do with Billy. Although he wasn't acting super shitty towards Steve right at this moment, he still was an ass, not to forget that he beat Steve unconscious not even a half a year ago.

Billy was stumbling around the room, clearly looking for something.

"You've lost something?" asked Steve.

"Just looking for my keys... Well, don't just stand there, help me look! You don't have any value standing there anymore after you put your clothes on..."

This drunk and kind of flirty Billy was new to Steve. In school, he just usually tried to annoy him or was picking on some insecure kids or some pathetic shit, so Steve was right to be a bit taken aback.

"Yeah sure... Are you planning to go somewhere?"

Billy looked at him like he just asked him if the Earth was round, little bit swaying on his feet.

"Well usually you need keys to start a car, why would I be searching them otherwise you dipshit?"

"Yeah well that's where you are wrong. You think I'll let you drive when you can't even touch your nose with your finger. You're drunk as a skunk."

Immediately after saying that Billy tried to touch his nose with his index finger, only to prove Steve's point right. As he kept tapping his cheeks, failing to get the finger onto his nose, he started giggling. It was kind of very childish, but the time being somewhere around three am, Steve found himself trying to hold his laughter.

"But back to the point, you're not going anywhere before you sober up", Steve said. "And that most likely will not happen until morning."

"Ooh, are you saying that I get to sleep in the same house as the one and only King Steve?"

"Okay, first of all, stop calling me that. And I don't have a choice but to keep you here, I'm not gonna drive you home."

"Shit, yeah no home."

"- because it's three in the morning. What? What's wrong with home?"

Billy looked up quickly. He considered a bit too long for his answer, so Steve guessed that something wasn't quite right.

"I don't wanna wake Max up if I go there this drunk."

Yeah right, Steve thought, but didn't ask more questions.

Steve decided to make a bed to Billy to the couch. Billy was being a little bitch about it, because apparently the couch was too hard and his back was so gonna hurt in the morning.

"Like nothing else isn't going to ache tomorrow", Steve muttered under his breath, and Billy made a face at him.

"Well, you're not gonna sleep in my bed, so the sofa is gonna have to work. Stop whining, the moment your head hits that pillow, you won't feel a thing, I assure you."

"You sure you don't want some warming in your bed?"

"Yeah, I'm pretty sure. C'mon, let's get you sleeping, so you won't feel like a zombie tomorrow", Steve stated, took a look at Billy who was fiddling his hair still swaying little on his heels.

"Though you'll feel like that anyway..."

"Are you having some trouble speaking up Steve, you're stupid if you think I can make any sense of your mumbling. And I can take care of myself, thank you very much."

Steve just looked at him tiredly, not really caring about his bickering. He went to the kitchen to get a big glass of water for Billy. On the way, he really thought why he had a sudden urge to help the town asshole to feel better. He could've just sent Billy home to sober up, but no, the mom inside him, the one who had woken up when he had tried to protect the kids from the demodogs, couldn't let that happen. With a glass full of cold water he returned to Billy, who was tugging himself under the blanket. Steve found himself thinking that the guy looked freaking adorable. Little bit astonished of his thoughts he put the glass to the table beside the sofa.

"Here's some refreshing for you, you'll need it"

"Thank you Steviee... You know I don't hate you that much really."

"Oh yeah?" Steve laughed. "What about that nice beat-up you gave me a while ago?"

"Hey, you were getting on my nerves. And for the record, you punched me first."

"I can admit that, but it was either me or Lucas. You really should stop bullying the kids."

"Yeah, yeah I know..." Billy's eyes had started to flutter shut.

"But hey, you're not that bad yourself, not at least when you're drunk, asshole", Steve smiled.

"Though I am an asshole, I still have better hair than you King Steve."

And then he fell asleep. Steve hadn't known he had held his breath,

so he huffed it out and relaxed. This night definitely was part of the top five weirdest nights of Steve Harrington's life. And he had defeated some alien-ish monsters in his short life after all.

The biggest questions on Steve's mind were what had happened to Billy that made him act like a bomb that was about to explode, and why on the earth was he flirting with him?

Steve realised he could finally go to sleep. His head was spinning of all the unanswered questions, so he was afraid that the sleep wouldn't come that easy, despite of how tired he was. He took a final look of Billy, who looked the most peaceful Steve had ever seen him, and headed towards his room.

Something made him stop on his heels though. Steve squinted his eyes and turned around. I can't believe this, I'm turning into a fucking mom here. He went to grab some painkillers from the medicine closet, put them beside the glass of water and made sure that Billy's feet were tucked under the blanket. Then he finally had his peace of mind and could go sleep.

Author's Note:

You know this is my first published fic, so go easy on me haha

Also i have hard time finishing things, so let's all hope i can finish this!

Feel free to leave a comment if you liked or have some ideas about how this could go on!